Twin Dragons
Chun-Li TG/TF/Twinning Comm
Written by SanMikasa

Marcus was having one of those days where every mistake felt personal.

He had gone to martial arts class determined to finally get somewhere, to stop looking like the guy who was always a step behind everybody else. Instead, he had spent the better part of an hour getting corrected on the same things over and over again.

His guard was too loose. His stance was too wide. His timing was off. His kick looked fine until the last second, when it turned into something awkward and half-finished.

By the end of it, he was so annoyed with himself that he could barely stand to hear another word of advice.

The worst part was that nobody was being cruel about it. That almost made it worse. If the instructor had been harsh, Marcus could have gotten angry back. If the other students had laughed, he could have turned that into fuel. But everyone was just patient with him, and that somehow made him feel more embarrassed than if they had ripped him to shreds.

By the time he got home, he was done trying to act like he was above being frustrated. He kicked off his shoes by the door, dropped his bag in the hall, and flopped onto the couch with the energy of a man who had already lost an argument with his own body. The TV remote was somewhere under a throw pillow. The room was too quiet. His muscles ached in all the usual places, and the soreness in his legs just reminded him of how much work he still had ahead of him.

He stared at the console for a second, then snorted and reached for the controller.

“Fine.” - He muttered to himself.

“Let’s see somebody else do it better.”

Street Fighter loaded up fast. Marcus didn’t even need to think about his choice. Chun-Li. He always picked Chun-Li when he was in a mood like this. She looked like discipline in human form. She is the sort of fighter who could make a devastating move look effortless just because she had already put in the work nobody else wanted to do.

He selected a mirror match.

Two Chun-Lis appeared on the screen, each one poised and ready, each one looking like she could win the fight without breaking a sweat. Marcus leaned back and let out a breath through his nose.

“Yeah, okay... Must be nice… I guess.”

The match started. He mashed a few buttons, got punished immediately, and grimaced.

“Great.” - He said, half to himself and half to the screen.

“Love that for me.”

He tried again, more carefully this time, watching the timing, trying to focus instead of just reacting. His Chun-Li connected with a clean kick. Then another. He was starting to get into it, starting to forget how irritated he’d been, when the thought came out before he could stop it.

“Man.” - He said, then laughed once at how ridiculous it sounded.

“I wish Chun-Li could be my coach.”

The room flashed white.

Marcus jerked upright so fast he almost dropped the controller. Light burst across the entire apartment, bright and hot and impossible, like someone had cracked open the sun in the middle of his living room. He shut his eyes on instinct, but the glow still cut through his eyelids. His ears filled with a sharp ringing hum. The couch seemed to tilt. The floor vanished under him.

Then, just as suddenly, everything went dark again. Marcus hit the ground in a crouch.

For a second, he just stayed there, breathing hard and staring at the floor beneath him. It was smooth, polished, and definitely not his carpet. The air smelled clean, almost like a gym after hours, with the faint sharp scent of lacquered wood and open space. He slowly lifted his head.

He was in a dojo. A real one. It was a wide room, with high ceiling, pale light streaming in from the sides, training gear lined neatly along the walls. He could even hear a soft echo from somewhere far off, like the ghost of the game’s soundtrack still lingering in the air.

And right in front of him stood Chun-Li.

Not on a TV… She was there, arms relaxed, posture straight, expression calm in that way that somehow made her look even more intimidating. She was dressed exactly like herself, and for a second Marcus had the very stupid thought that his brain had finally short-circuited from stress.

Chun-Li looked him over once and gave a small, knowing smile.

“You asked for help.” - She said.

“So here I am.”

Marcus stared at her, then looked around like there might be some obvious trick he was missing.

“Okay.” - He said, because apparently that was the best his brain could produce right now.

“This is new.”

“It usually is.” - Chun-Li replied.

He pointed weakly at her, then at himself.

“You know I was talking to my TV, right?”

“I know what you said.”

“Right… Sure… Great…” - Marcus dragged a hand down his face.

“Am I dreaming?”

“Maybe.” - She stepped closer.

“Does it matter?”

He opened his mouth, then stopped. Honestly, no, not really. Not when she was standing there looking at him like this, like he had just wandered into her dojo late and out of shape and she was still willing to work with him anyway.

Chun-Li gestured to the floor.

“Stand.”

Marcus obeyed before he even thought about it. That annoyed him a little, mostly because his body seemed more willing to listen to her than it had ever been to listen to him.

She circled him once, watching his posture. Then she reached out and nudged one shoulder back and tapped his elbow into a better angle. Her touch was firm and practical, not gentle exactly, but not unkind either.

“Too loose.” - She said.

“You move like you’re asking permission from the air.”

Marcus let out a short laugh despite himself.

“That’s one way to say it.”

“It’s the correct way.”

He shook his head, but his mouth twitched anyway.

“You always talk like that?”

“When someone needs to hear the truth, yes.”

“Lucky me.”

“Very.” - Her eyes were sharp, but there was a hint of amusement in them now.

“Again. Better this time.”

So he tried.

At first it was exactly as awkward as he expected. He mirrored her stretches, tried to settle into the stance she showed him, and nearly lost his balance on the first kick. Chun-Li corrected him immediately. Then again. Then again. It was irritating, but in a way that felt almost refreshing, because every correction was specific and every adjustment made an actual difference. She wasn’t telling him to “believe in himself” or “just be more confident.” She was fixing the thing that was wrong and making him do it until it stopped being wrong.

His legs started to burn. His breathing got heavier. Sweat gathered at the back of his neck. But after a while he noticed that the movement wasn’t just getting easier. It was feeling different. His stance settled deeper into the floor. His kicks had more snap. He wasn’t good yet, but he was no longer just fighting his own body every second of the way.

“Better.” - Chun-Li said when one of his kicks landed with a clean pop through the air.

“You’re thinking less.”

Marcus sucked in a breath and wiped his forehead.

“That is somehow both insulting and true.”

“It’s meant to help.”

“Yeah, I figured.”

She gave him a look that said she was fully aware of how much he was whining and not inclined to let him off the hook.

“Again.”

He lifted his leg, braced, and drove the kick through.

Something strange happened.

It wasn’t dramatic at first. Just a shift. A little pull through his hips, a subtle tightening in his thighs, a different kind of balance under his feet. He paused and frowned, looking down at himself. “Uh.”

Chun-Li noticed the change instantly, though she didn’t seem surprised.

“Keep going.”

Marcus did, but now he was paying attention. His legs felt stronger. He could feel the muscles in them more clearly, not just the strain but the shape of them, the way the movement was settling into places that had always felt clumsy before. His stance was changing with it. His center felt lower, steadier, like his body was redistributing itself around a different kind of power.

Then he realized his clothes were feeling tighter in odd places.

He glanced down again, and his stomach flipped.

His calves looked leaner. His thighs were fuller, more defined. Not bulky, not masculine in the way he'd always known his own body to be, but athletic in a way that made sense with the way Chun-Li moved. He flexed one leg without meaning to, and the line of it looked too different to ignore.

"Okay." - He said quietly.

"That is definitely not normal."

"No." - Chun-Li said.

"It isn't."

He stared at her.

"You're not even a little weirded out?"

"You called for a coach." - She said.

"I coach."

That was not remotely comforting, but it did make him laugh under his breath, which was apparently enough for her to decide he could handle another round of drills. She moved him through footwork next, and every step seemed to pull the change further through his body. His shoulders straightened. His chest and waist shifted. His old posture, the one that always made him look half-defeated before he even started, fell away piece by piece.

Marcus raised a hand to his face and froze.

His fingers looked slimmer.

He touched his cheek, then his jaw, then the line of his neck. Everything felt softer, smoother. His face was changing in subtle stages that were somehow more unnerving than if it had happened all at once. He could feel it in the way his voice sat a little differently when he swallowed. He could feel it in the way his skin seemed to hum with warmth every time he got a movement right.

His hair brushed against his collar.

Marcus blinked and reached up fast. His short hair had grown longer. Much longer. Thick black strands slipped through his fingers, falling down around his face and over his shoulders. He stood there for a second, stunned, while Chun-Li watched him with the same steady attention she'd had since the start.

"That..." - He said, voice a little lighter than before.

"...is a problem."

"It depends on your perspective."

"This is not helping."

"You are still standing."

He looked at her, genuinely helpless for a moment.

"I'm not even sure who I'm supposed to be right now."

Chun-Li's expression softened just a touch, and when she spoke again, her voice was quieter.

"You are who you wanted to become. You just didn't know it yet."

That got through to him in a way the earlier teasing hadn't. Marcus looked down at himself, at the changes that had already taken hold, and for the first time he didn't feel panic right away. He felt something else. Something steadier. The body he had always lived in had never really felt like it matched the version of himself he imagined when he thought about discipline, strength, or confidence. But this? This felt like a fit he had been chasing without knowing it. Not a replacement. Not a costume. More like the shape underneath had finally been given room to come forward.

The transformation surged again.

Warmth rolled over him, and the rest of his outfit began to change. The ordinary training clothes he had been wearing dissolved into bands of light, then reappeared as smooth black leggings hugging his newly shaped legs. White boots formed around his feet, rising up to his calves with thick soles, crisp laces, and the kind of practical strength that looked ready for action. A wide white sash tightened around his waist, followed by the fabric of a pink qipao that slid into place over his torso, elegant and fitted and trimmed with gold. The collar rose high around his neck, and the sleeves settled neatly over his shoulders with that unmistakable Chun-Li style, only altered by the bright palette swap that made it feel fresh instead of copied.

He gasped as the cloth finished forming, then looked down with wide eyes at the details. The pink suited the rest of the change better than he expected. It made the whole thing feel like a reflection rather than a costume, like he hadn't just become Chun-Li, but her twin in another color, another expression of the same strength. The black spiked bracelets formed around both wrists with a small metallic click, and then the final changes swept through his hair. It gathered and styled itself into the famous twin buns, white ribbons unfurling from them and falling down on either side of his head.

Marcus swallowed hard and looked for a reflection.

The polished floor gave him enough.

The face looking back at her was still hers in the ways that mattered, but also not. The features were feminine now, elegant, and unmistakably in the same family as Chun-Li's. Same intensity in the eyes. Same confidence in the stance. Same warrior's presence. But the pink outfit, the slight softness in the expression, the altered proportions of the build, all of it made her feel like her own person instead of a duplicate. Someone who belonged beside Chun-Li.

For a long moment she just stared.

Then she laughed, once, breathlessly, because what else was she supposed to do?

"Wow."

Chun-Li stepped up beside her and glanced down at the reflection too.

"Yes." - She said.

"That will do."

Chun-Li studied her reflection for another moment.

"A twin should have her own name."

Marcus blinked.

"Oh?"

Chun-Li nodded.

"Xin-Chun."

The name settled over her as naturally as the rest of the transformation.

"Xin-Chun…" - She repeated softly.

Somehow, it felt right.

Chun-Li smiled.

“Welcome, Xin-Chun.”

Xin-Chun turned to her, still a little dazed.

“So this was the plan? Get me in here, run me through a bunch of drills, and turn me into your twin?”

“You wanted to learn.” - She said simply.

“I showed you what learning looks like when you stop resisting it.”

She huffed a laugh, but there was no bitterness in it now.

“That sounds a lot cooler when you say it.”

“It usually does.”

That got another grin out of her, and this time it stayed. She rolled one shoulder, then the other, and was startled by how right it felt. Her posture no longer slouched toward the floor. Her feet naturally found the stance Chun-Li had drilled into her. Even her breathing had changed, calmer and more controlled, like she had finally stopped fighting every second of the moment.

Chun-Li stepped back and folded her arms.

“Show me.”

Xin-Chun looked at her.

“Show you what?”

“Everything.” - She smiled a little.

So she moved.

She set her stance, drove forward, and let her body do what it had learned. The first kick snapped clean through the air. The second came faster. The third had enough power behind it to make the ribbons from her hair flick sharply in the wake of it. Chun-Li watched closely, correcting her once, then nodding when she adjusted. She could feel it now, not just the muscle or the motion, but the discipline behind it. The control. The focus. It wasn’t that she had become someone else. It was that all the scattered parts of herself had finally been pulled into line.

When she finished, she was breathing hard, but she was smiling too.

Chun-Li gave her a small, approving nod.

“Better.”

Xin-Chun wiped her forehead and exhaled.

“You keep saying that it's the best thing in the world.”

“It is, when it’s true.”

She shook her head, grinning now.

“Yeah, okay. I get it.”

Then she glanced toward the open space of the dojo, where other training equipment waited, where the rest of the day seemed to stretch out in front of her like a challenge instead of a punishment. She took a breath, squared her shoulders, and stepped forward beside Chun-Li instead of staying back where she had been.

This time, she was part of the training. Not watching it, envying it, or wishing for it from the sidelines. She was in it.

And when Chun-Li gestured for her to start the next drill, Xin-Chun didn’t hesitate.

Character: Chun-Li from Street Fighter, developed by Capcom Co., Ltd.

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